

Student Review

BYU's Unofficial Magazine

year 3, issue 12

Provo, Utah

November 16, 1988

BYU Dominates at Mock Congress

by Mathew Ream

The gladiators slowly, cautiously entered the arena. Seventy-five men and women geared for battle—eager to maim and kill. They sized up their opponents and took their positions, preparing for the coming conflict. In a nearby arena, seventeen more warriors prepared for a similar battle.

This was the sixteenth session of the Utah Intercollegiate Assembly—a mock state legislature for all institutions of higher learning in Utah. The fierce gladiators were students from Utah universities acting as representatives and senators in the state capitol from November 2-4 1988. BYU was represented by twenty-one representatives, two senators, and four able staff personnel.

The royal army from BYU—twenty-seven of the Y's finest—had prepared all semester for the coming onslaught under the tutelage of Gary Brown in Political Science 298R. We had written legislation, learned the fundamentals of state legislature, and rehearsed parliamentary procedure. We had speakers who discussed with us current Utah issues. We were ready to take the capitol.

After we arrived and took care of the preliminaries, we began our first legislative sessions Wednesday evening. Now, I think a note of explanation is in order. A basic truth in Utah is—students from other schools don't like BYU. It doesn't matter why (they're jealous?), but it's important to keep this point in mind when dealing with students from other schools. As a consequence of that ani-

mosity, people at events such as this like to attack the BYU delegates. We, of course, don't let that bother us; we forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Wednesday night, Weber State delegates drew first blood as they mercilessly trampled a resolution by Allyson Nowels. They resurrected it the next day, only to take a few more jabs at it. BYU reeled from the blow, but the Saints came marching back in.

We spent all morning on both Thursday and Friday in legislative sessions in the House and Senate. Resolutions were proposed, discussed, attacked, amended and defended. We caught a good glimpse into the fast-paced, sometimes glamorous, sometimes ugly, political scene.

Wednesday and Thursday nights the delegates attended "smokers" in the hotel in which we stayed. There is no reason for these gatherings to be called smokers. They might as well have been called "eaters" or "drinkers" because that is what we did we did. Smokers gave us an opportunity to get to know other delegates and lobby our legislation. It was a bit like the cartoons with Ralph the sheep dog and Sam the wolf. We fought while in session but could be friendly outside the legislative arena.

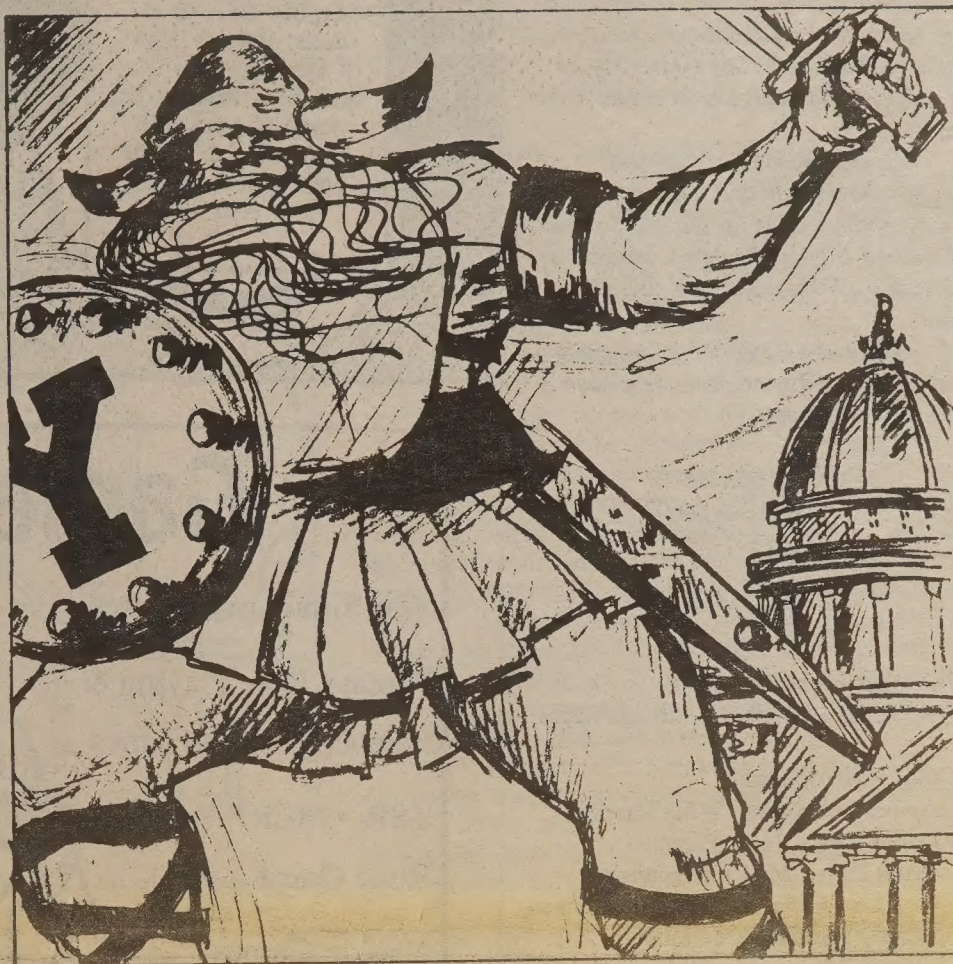
After three days of debate, argument, persuasion, and all the rest that goes with politics, BYU made its most respectable showing in several years of participation at UIA. The "elitist Mormon snobs who have almost nothing to do with state issues" had won more accolades than any other school present.

Three of the top five resolutions that were passed by both houses and signed by the "governor" (which will be lobbied before the real state legislature) came from BYU's own Jared Stone, Jan Schmid, and the Heather Barton/Amy Richards team. Jared also sufficiently impressed his colleagues in the Senate to earn him the vote of "Most Valuable Senator." In the House, Craig Parrish of BYU was given the "Most Valuable Representative" honor.

Of seven elected positions for next year's session, two were won by BYU students. The Attorney General position will be filled by Holly Larsen, and Speaker of the House Pro Tempore by George Ranalli.

Gary Brown also made a name for himself and for BYU. Unfortunately, that name is unprintable. In an attempt to make a valid point, Mr. Tact instead offended the majority of the delegates in the House by saying smaller schools were for the "slower," less intelligent students. (He *did* mean well.) The vote to have him expelled from the body was narrowly defeated by a chorus of loud BYU delegates.

When the congress was over BYU's Christian Soldiers had emerged bloodied yet victorious. We proved ourselves in the heat of legislative battle and defended the honor of our institution. But most of all, we learned. Learned about ourselves; learned about others; and learned, through realistic, hands-on experience, about the legislative process and the events that are shaping Utah's future.



SR art by Jeff Lee

Support the Food Drive

by Heather Barton

Mothers sending their children to bed with hungry bellies. Homeless people living in cardboard shelters. Street people digging in trash. What comes to mind? Ethiopia, India or Bolivia perhaps? Can't you just hear your mother now? "Eat everything on your plate — children in Cambodia are starving!" "Okay, mail it to them," you said to yourself, smugly.

Well the place I'm describing is closer to home. New York, or maybe even Chicago? No, its closer still. Hungry and homeless are right here in Utah Valley. And this time there is something you can do about it. No excuses. These people are not 10,000 miles away, living under a military dictatorship. They are right here, right now, and they desperately need your help.

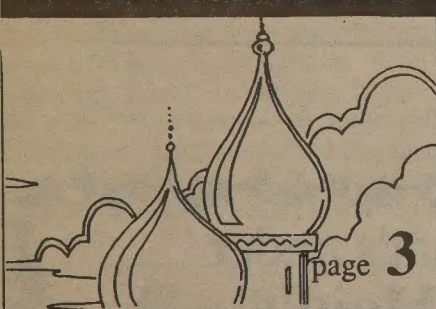
BYUSA has made helping easy with "Give a Helping Hand III." They want YOU to get involved helping those in need, and they want you to have fun doing it. For the past three years years BYUSA has sponsored a canned food and necessities drive to help citizens in Utah County. This year the drive is taking place from October 19 to November 19. BYU is collecting goods such as canned meats, fruits, vegetables, baby food and soup. The collected food will be given to the Community Action Agency for distribution. Last year over 35,000 tons of food was collected.

The drive is also a chance to participate in some friendly rivalry with the University of Utah. In the weeks before the big game, BYU and the U will engage in constructive competition. The winner will be the school on game day that has the most cans and necessities. To help BYU achieve this goal BYUSA has planned numerous activities.

On November 11, a dance was held in the Cougar Eats. Admission was three cans of food, which helped to make the world's largest Thanksgiving Cornucopia (as far as a call to the Guinness Book of World Records in London could tell). Competitions to raise cans are being held among departments in the ELWC, academic, faculty, departments, clubs, and student wards. The residence halls are collecting goods and are sponsoring a Victory Dance. Leading area businesses — including Novell, The Universal Campus Credit Union, and Word Perfect — have gotten into the spirit and are giving lots of support.

Drop-off bins are located in the ELWC in the Cougar Eats and Campus Craft and Floral. So tomorrow put a can of green beans in your back pack and drop it off. If you forget to do it this week, there is still time to drop off cans at the game November 19. Both BYU and the U will have food bins set up. So as you finish off that cheeseburger on your way to the game, grab a couple cans of food and help "Out do the U!"

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Student Review

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CAMPUS LIFE

Zion in Moscow

by Michael Mower

About a month ago I was in Moscow. It is a clean city, somewhat friendly, and from the perspective of a member missionary has a lot of potential. Most Russians think the white salamander is nothing more than a reptile from Siberia, have never heard of ex-Governor Evan Mecham, and best of all have never seen the Donny and Marie Show.

As I wandered across Red Square (which, like our Temple Square, is crowded with Japanese and German tourists and young couples out on a cheap date), the thought came to me that we Mormons and the Soviets have a great deal in common. If we could put an angel Moroni atop St. Basil's Cathedral, cover everything that people walked and sat upon with orange carpet, and place a basketball hoop near the Kremlin wall, Red Square just might pass for a stake center in Bountiful.

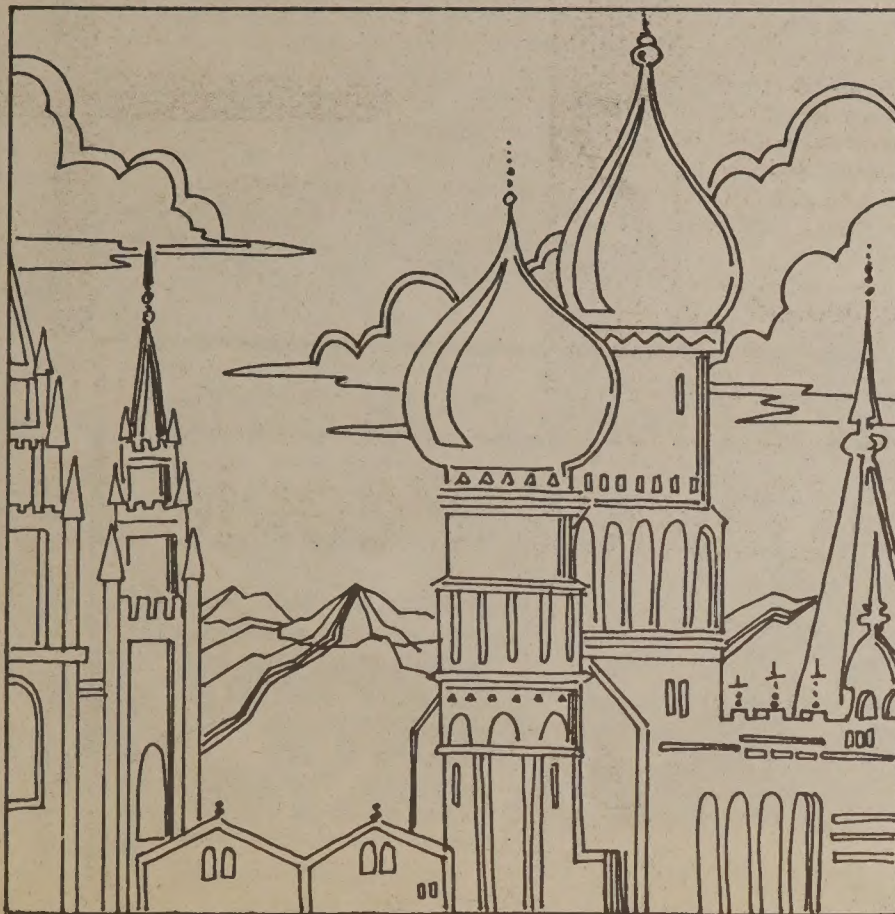
With the recent acceptance of LDS missionaries into East Germany, it will only be a matter of time before a church communications employee is assigned to somehow turn the hammer and sickle into an angel carrying a gold book and playing a trumpet. Shortly thereafter the iron curtain will become an iron rod of faith, leading Bolsheviks by the dozen into the waters of the river Volga for baptism. It will really be "special."

More surprising than the physical similarities of Red Square and Temple Square is the striking resemblance of the Politburo and some of our Church Governing bodies. This may seem blasphemous to avid fans of Cleon Skousen and the John Birch Society, but if you can cast aside obvious ideological differences, a clear similarity of governing styles will emerge.

Take for instance the men who make up the Politburo. These men, who pretty well control everything that goes on inside the U.S.S.R., Cuba, Poland, Nicaragua, and Afghanistan, are not unlike our church officials, who keep a pretty close watch on what takes place in Delta, Twin Falls, and certain LDS sections of California. All of them are at least at middle age, intelligent, dedicated to their respective causes, and white. Those who saw the recent pullout section of the Church News may have noticed that almost all of the group pictured look like a Kiwanis Club from Orange County. There is scarcely a minority in the bunch. For a church that has a huge number of Latin members, there certainly are few Church leaders who can say "Jose Smith" without a gringo accent.

Likewise the Politburo, which is unopposed to be representative of the Soviet people, isn't. I'm still waiting to read of a Communist party meeting that is called to a halt so a Muslim member can pray to Mecca, a Jewish leader can recite a few passages from the Torah, or a Mongolian can bow down to Bhudda. It would appear if you were either circumcised or looked Chinese, your chances of holding a high government position are shot.

As far as women in both cultures are concerned, they be equal in the home, but both governing bodies could certainly do a lot more to give women television air time. The recent LDS General Conference is a prime example. About the only exposure that Mormon women had was when the camera focused on the lady in the tabernacle who were not much better at their recent historic party congress. Comrade Sasha gave a short address on the importance of women in Marxist society and then lamented the fact that women in the U.S.S.R. can't buy a decent pair of pantyhose. The party bigwigs then got up and agreed that Soviet women can't get a decent pair of



SR art by Doug Fakkell

pantyhose, and then lamented the fact that there were women in the U.S.S.R.

The Soviet-Zion comparisons don't end there. Take the election process. My father once explained to me that our Church government is a theocracy (rule by church leaders) and not a democracy. That surprised me because I thought all good Mormons were Republicans. But apparently we are all theocrats and should vote the same way at church and conferences. Like Communist party nominees, bishops, laurel class advisors and general authorities all run unopposed and win unanimously.

The only time I can recall any good member voting no was when a few of Sonia Johnson's cronies shouted "nooo" to President Kimball during the E.R.A. controversy. Soon these liberal women became dissenters (a la Andre Sakarov) of the Mormon Church. While the church couldn't send them to Siberia or place them in a mental home, if the women went too far, they were excommunicated. In other words, Sonia Johnson is going to be spending an eternity in an outer and darker existence wondering why she ever had a banner flown over Temple Square stating: "Mother in Heaven Supports the E.R.A."

Clothing styles of Salt Lake and Moscow men are also quite similar. It has been years since we have seen an LDS general authority were anything other than a suit, white shirt, and tie. Likewise, when was the last time you recall seeing any Politburo pals atop Lenin's tomb on May Day wearing peasant smocks or at least a striped shirt. Either this means that both groups of men are very conservative, or there is a Mr. Mac store hidden somewhere in the bowels of the Kremlin.

Similarities aside, we still have the better foundation. I predict that soon the Book of Mormon will replace the Communist Manifesto as THE test in the U.S.S.R. Young Soviets will set aside the collected sayings of Vladimir Lenin and start memorizing Joseph Smith's Articles of Faith. The Politburo members will find themselves out of work, replaced by men freely elected with help from groups such as the Moral Majority and the Right to Life. I wouldn't even be surprised to see Mikhail Gorbachev called as the first LDS mission president in East Germany. The general secretary already has the church political system figured out, and a bald spot. Now all he needs to be perfect for the job is a testimony of the restoration and a condominium in downtown Salt Lake.

Tree of Wisdom

by Luisa Gage

Overheard in the quad between the Administration Building and the HBLL:

Mom and Dad: My isn't that interesting! But what is it?

Trendy Coed: I don't know—some sculpture thing. The "Tree of Knowledge" or something. All I know is, like, it's ugly.

The "sculpture thing" is the "Tree of Wisdom," an abstract sculpture created by Frank Nackos. A gift from the 1975 senior class, it was presented to the university as part of the BYU Centennial activities. An imposing work, it consists of ten gleaming white upright concrete panels, all five inches thick, fourteen feet tall, fifteen and one half feet wide, and fourteen feet long. Each panel weighs about two tons. The panels utilize curves that progress from one panel to another and are designed to work with the light and the position of the viewer. The design suggests both roots and branches.

During the month the "Tree of Wisdom" was being constructed there was much speculation about how this sculpture would be accepted. It was highly symbolic and, according to Lorin Wheelright, chairman of the centennial committee, "Something totally new for our campus. In the past we have commemorated people, not ideas." (*The Universe*, August 28, 1975). An article in April, 1975 *Monday Magazine* said, "[There] are abstractions in structure just as well as we have abstraction in the Gospel. Words like faith, love, testimony—none of them have meaning in themselves. We must supply meanings from experiences in our lives."

This is precisely what Frank Nackos had in mind. He wanted the sculpture to mean something different to each person. To him, that's the essence of creativity. For Mr. Nackos, the "Tree" has a compound meaning—"We should sink our roots in the soil of wisdom, and then blossom upward into godliness." (*Universe*) Mr. Nackos suggests walkin' up to the sculpture, then walking around it and through it to get the feel of it.

The "Tree of Wisdom" reminds me of the fable "The Blind Men and the Elephant." Each blind man felt a different part of the elephant and each man's idea of what an elephant looked like was entirely different than his blind neighbor's idea. Only when comparing all their ideas did they get a clear picture of the elephant. Taking Mr. Nackos' advice, I walked around and through the sculpture. Close up, I could feel the power and strength of the individual panels, while from a distance I could see the grace of curving lines. Depending on my position, straight or from an angle, the sculpture looked very different. Time of day, sunlight, shadow, moonlight, or night-lighting all create subtle nuances that enhance and invite individual interpretation.

To me, the "Tree of Wisdom" characterizes two symbols of the university: the "Y" and the banyan tree. When viewed from a southeast or southwest angle, the sculpture brings to mind a large "Y." Since I first came to BYU I have felt a sense of pride in seeing that huge block "Y" on the mountain. Shining in the sunlight or lit by pitch pots for special evening occasions, the "Y" symbolizes pursuit of excellence and an individuality that attending one of the universities represented by a "U" fails to convey.

Viewing the sculpture from a northeast or northwest angle calls up a much different shape: that of a tree sending roots downward into the soil. In past years, the university yearbook was symbolized by the banyan tree: "... a tropical tree best known for its aerial roots or trunks that grow downward from the branches to the ground, so that a single tree becomes a forest." (*Brigham Young University: A School of Destiny*, 1976). The students of the university create a knowledge and experience that has far-reaching effects that continue the network into the future.

Nackos says, "We move to higher levels of appreciation, from thrills to pleasure, from happiness to joy. I think the Lord wants us to move beyond the mediocre, the normal" (*Monday Magazine*). Naming the sculpture the "Tree of Wisdom" carries deeper meaning than if it had been titled the "Tree of Knowledge" as the trendy coed had mistakenly supposed. There is more to life than knowing. Understanding what to do with what we know is wisdom.

CAMPUS LIFE

Top 20

1. Snow
2. Tables for two
3. Skiing possibilities
4. Umbrellas that work
5. TPing of Holland's house
6. Christmas decor in bookstore
7. World's largest cornucopia
8. Midnight Oil
9. Surreptitious beauty contests
10. Class act football team
11. Freudian slips
12. Giorgio for men
13. Men writing the Top 20
14. Cuddly sweaters
15. Fire places
16. 14 more days of class
17. Red roses
18. End of Bambi slayings
19. D&C Fireside
20. Reconstruction of Honor Code

Bottom 10

Bill the Cat losing the election, Southern California drivers driving in the snow, No more mini-skirts, Shorter days, Mind Games, Dead worms on the sidewalk, Stink trees around the Eyring Science Center, Frozen Mr. Bubble in the fountains, Gingko trees anywhere, Gary Larson's sabbatical.

For Inquiring Minds

Drugged Dogs Yesterday in Los Angeles the drug sniffing dog Digger was arrested for possession of two kilos of cocaine. Evidently the black lab was storing the cocaine in his dog house and selling to smaller neighborhood dogs such as Dachshunds, Chihuahuas and an occasional poodle.

Deer Hunters Two deer driving a 1973 Dodge pickup heading for the Wyoming border were arrested Sunday. Officials say they were wearing fluorescent orange sweaters and caps and laughing hysterically. They had emptied half of a case of Coors. They were charged with grand theft auto, driving while intoxicated and not having tags for the two naked hunters on the hood.

Blonde Standards News if the revised Dress and Grooming Standards has leaked out of the Kimball Tower. In an effort to make the code more uniform, it is reported that the official hair color is now blonde, and it is not to be longer than the hair on the Hollands' dog. If your hair is not blonde you must show sufficient evidence of your good looks. It is also rumored that students teeth must be straight enough as not to attract undue attention to themselves, no unsightly David Letterman gaps or protruding canines. The issue of orthodontic work is still being considered. The aim of the new code is to turn out "beautiful, hygienic students." In support, President Holland commented, "I may not be blonde, but I'm not ugly."

Cool Blue

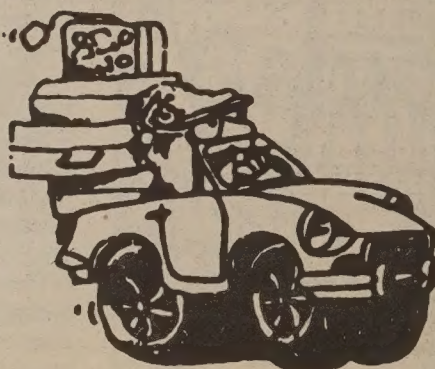
by C. Silas Tomkin

Kabel has pale blinds that are drawn all day. Blue is the color of his room. Joe said, "You're looking for the mystery again." And I wonder how will Kabel stay this way forever?

Kabel says hello and not another word. With face down he looks up through lashes. "He's never there with anyone who annoys you," Joe said. I want to see through pale blinds.

I wait for Kabel and glance at consistency. Never to leave, never to stay. "You must be soothed by the color blue," Joe says.

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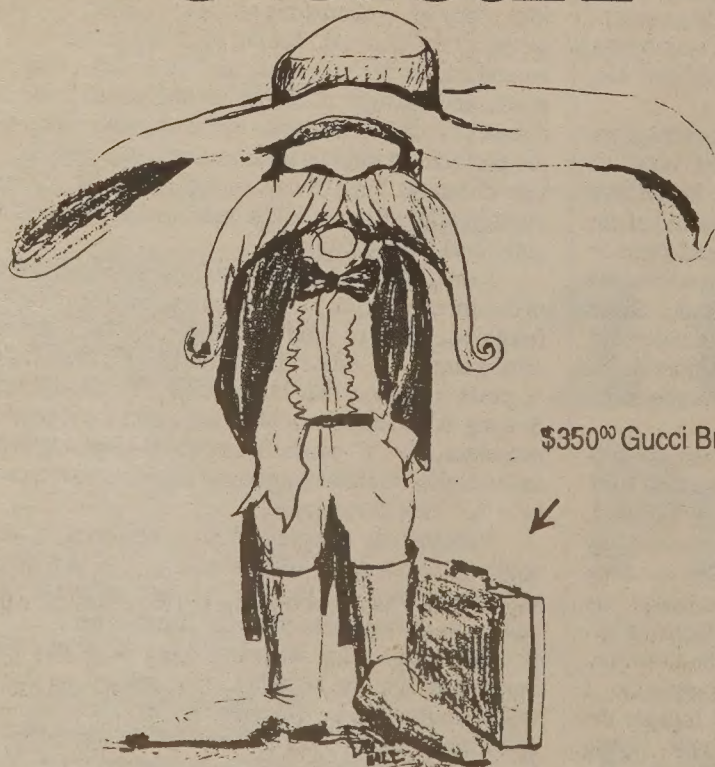
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EDITORIAL

In Defense of Competition

by Sean Covey

Editor's note: We had originally planned on printing this article in our special editorial section on sports a few weeks ago. But, better late than never.

In recent years, college athletics in America has become larger than life, and this often puts undue pressure on the athletes and coaches. Like most things, athletics can be good or bad—good if they provide character growth, and bad if blown out of proportion. A famous college coach once said that the two worst traits an athlete can have are first, a fear of failure, and second, an inordinate desire to win. The “win at all costs” attitude is the real danger in athletics.

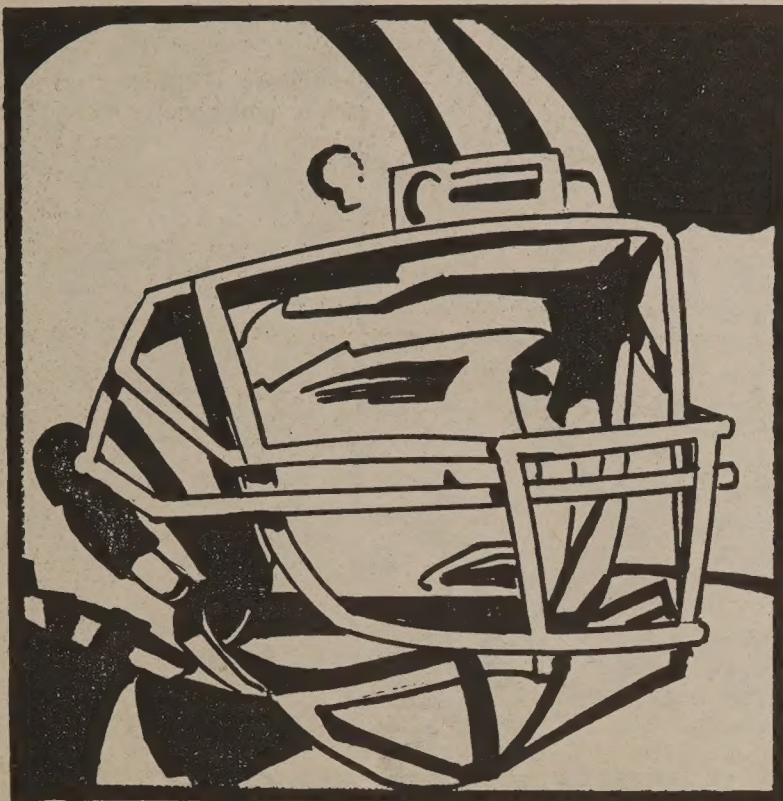
But athletic competition can be very worthwhile. It often provides us opportunities to develop in ways that would not otherwise be possible. Harold B. Lee once said “Courage is the quality of every quality at its highest testing point.” It takes courage to act under pressure—to succeed or fail before thousands of people.

Too often, we live in comfort zones, suffering no pain, but experiencing no growth. The athlete is always outside of his comfort zone on the field, and that is what brings out the best in him. Just as economic competition is good when it makes a business efficient, competition is good when it makes an athlete give his best. Athletics help us to dig down deep and find hidden reserves of strength and courage we never knew we had. I have learned more about myself, about people, about leadership, and about organizations through football than through school.

In *The Inner-Game of Tennis*, author Tim Gallwey refers to a surfer who “waits for the big wave because he values the challenge it presents. Why? Because it is those very obstacles, the size and churning power of the wave, which draw from the surfer his greatest effort. The obstacles are a very necessary ingredient to this process of self-discovery.”

Those who get their identity only from winning often develop a scarcity mentality. They feel that there is only a small pie and another's success robs them of theirs. Many rejoice at the failures of others and feel insecure when others do well. As a result, some feel that competition requires hatred of the competitor, but I disagree. Competition is destructive only when we obtain security and identity from winning.

Gallwey described it thus: “When competition is used as



SR art by Doug Fakkel

a means of creating a self-image relative to others, the worst in a person comes out; then the ordinary fears and frustrations become greatly exaggerated. It is as if some believe that only by being the best, only by being a winner, will they be eligible for the love and respect they seek. Children who have been taught to measure themselves in this way often become adults driven by a compulsion to succeed which overshadows all else.”

I thoroughly disagree with the “win at any cost” mentality, yet it is prevalent. The pressure to win comes from the culture. And for many coaches, their jobs are at stake and their families must be fed. But such an attitude defeats the purpose of athletics and competition.

I think the BYU coaches have found the right balance. They push hard in practice and demand effort, but their main goal is skill and character development. The players know that other things are more important to them, like their religion and their families. This feeling is instilled in the players. Perhaps BYU football has in part been successful because of the

balance of priorities among the coaches. When it is not a matter of life and death, players perform better.

Besides the coaches' attitudes, my mission has helped me greatly in this respect. It helped me to mature and to cope better with pressure and stress. I also see football in a different perspective. I now better understand the value of competition and have more desire than ever to do well in football.

Sports influence not only the athlete, but also the community. The role of sports at BYU is delicate. Some of us—fans and players alike—sometimes seem to associate the truth of gospel with the success of BYU athletic teams. That is an obvious mistake. But I don't think many would disagree that BYU athletics has brought notoriety to the university and has familiarized many non-members with the church.

During the 1984 National Championship season, for example, *Sports Illustrated* published an article about the missionary program, in which I and several other players then on missions were interviewed. The magazine has about 20 million readers, and the article gave a fairly accurate description of what missionary work is all about. After the article appeared, I received many letters from missionaries in the United States saying that it helped them to get

into homes.

Sports can also provide youth in the church with positive role models. I feel that sports does give youth many of their heroes today, and athletes should feel a responsibility to be a good example for youth. Some fail to do so. Jim McMahon is my on-the-field model, for example, but I have other heroes of character.

One of these is Eric Liddle, the Scottish runner portrayed in the movie “Chariots of Fire.” To him, athletics was an extension of his character and a God-given talent. “God made me for a purpose,” he said, “but he also made me fast, and when I run I feel his pleasure.” Athletics allow me, as it did Liddle, to learn about myself and develop my God-given talents. Viewed in this context, it can be a very positive force for both the individual and the community at large.

When he is not playing football, Sean, an English major, reads great American literature (like Student Review) and talks to his wife.

They Never Taught Me This in MIA!

by Marty Jones

At the ripe old age of twenty-six, at 8:45 p.m. on a Wednesday night, I was told that my asking-out technique was all wrong. I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. You would think by now I should know everything there is to know about the subject. After all, I've played this game off and on since I was 16. But fortunately, I was able to laugh—for a first attempt I hadn't done half bad. After all, he accepted.

It was a fascinating glimpse of how the other half lives. I spent three days planning the phone call. I discussed it with several roommates and good friends, asking for reassurances that I wouldn't be perceived as pushy or desperate or strange. Some of them reassured me; some of them didn't. When I finally got up the courage to make the phone call, I phrased the invitation as non-committally as I could (which, according to my more experienced male friends, was where I almost lost it), and I was ready to dismiss the whole idea at the merest hint of rejection. It was one scary experience. Fortunately, the evening, although not a raging success, was moderately enjoyable, and strengthened an acquaintance into a friend. And I don't think he thought I was desperate. But that was good acting on my part, because I really was. And still am.

As long as I can remember, I was taught to prepare myself for marriage. I just assumed that building a family would take all my time and energy from my early twenties on.

Perhaps it's just as well that I couldn't see into the future when I was a freshman, because back then we thought the twenty-two year old returned sister missionaries, although they would probably be able to marry someone polygamously in the hereafter, were in the very least doomed to life as ministering aunts. I would have given up on life in my late teens had I known I would still be fighting those black battles with loneliness close to 10 years later.

I am fortunate, however, because I have parents and teachers who have challenged me never to be satisfied with what I am—who have challenged me to learn, to grow, to share. Because of that I served a mission. I spent some time traveling. I am now enrolled in a challenging graduate program, with prospects of a fascinating career. I refuse merely to mark time in a less stimulating job or program for fear I might get married and have to leave it all.

There is at the core of me, however, a strong current of ambivalence. As a woman, I was not supposed to have to face the big, frightening world. I wasn't going to have to worry about being a success. An education was something women used in their homes, or in public service, or as a kind of insurance provision, which no one ever really planned on needing. (Heaven knows a B.A. in English has no practical value!) So there are times when I escape into dreams of being sheltered from the world, and allowed to bear and rear children peacefully. I dream of holding children in my arms, of teaching

them, of loving them, and of sharing with them all the wonderful beauties and challenges of this world. I dream of having time to read that ever increasing list of books, of learning how to draw, of having time to write. I dream of never having to face another job interview, of never having to mail off another resume, of never receiving another rejection letter.

In short, I dream the dreams of all of us—male or female. But I had farsighted parents and teachers and I am never able to escape into my dreams for very long without running up against reality. Although some of those dreams are still possible (some of them never were) the probability is much higher than it used to be that the fall back insurance policy will be cashed in.

Reality is certainly no new concept. Building relationships has never been easy. But today's world presents fundamentally different challenges (and opportunities). There have been fundamental changes in recent decades concerning the way sex roles are perceived in our society, and these new perceptions have affected relationships. It is challenge for both men and women (especially in the church) to create relationships when there is so much confusion and misunderstanding concerning our respective roles.

I have decided that the definition of romance taught on the screen or in popular novels does more to cause the misunderstandings and confusion than it does to solve them. What I really need is a new definition of romance. And so I have decided to take that which is good—and realistic—from my

please see **Romance** on page 7

EDITORIAL

Day Care: Mother, Father, Where Are You?

by Eric Schulzke

One of Michael Dukakis' favorite themes during the campaign was his call for a national child care bureaucracy. For readers of George Orwell or Aldous Huxley, this alone was a good reason to vote for George Bush.

But as both parents begin to join the work force and send their children to day care, such brave new proposals become less and less outrageous. Almost inadvertently, we have launched an unprecedented experiment in human relations. For the first time in our history, vast numbers of children are growing up with limited parental contact. For obvious reasons, this experiment has many experts concerned.

Responsibility for the crisis in childrearing is unclear, but is probably shared amongst fathers, mothers, and society as a whole. It is a sensitive topic, and some women will cry sexism at the slightest criticism of the current state of affairs (especially by a male), but that is neither my intent nor that of the child development experts quoted below. For while the causes of this phenomena are unclear, the results, unfortunately, may not be.

Karl Zinsmeister of the American Enterprise Institute wrote a sobering article in the Spring, 1988 *Policy Review*. He notes that of the 20 most influential child-care books of the last decade only 7 approve "even grudgingly of both parents working while they have young children." He also cites an impressive array of experts warning about the effects of day-care on young children:

• Jay Belsky of Pennsylvania State University, once a leading defender of day-care, has reversed his position. In extensive studies, he found that "nearly half of the children who started 20 hours a week or more of substitute care before they were one year old developed noticeably insecure attachments to their mothers." Belsky urges that a parent stay home with children less than two years old.

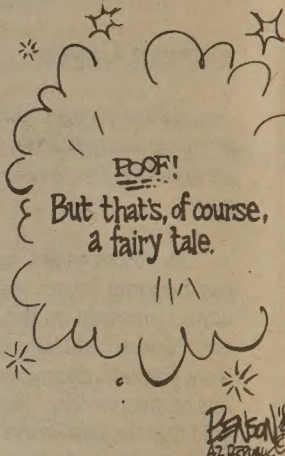
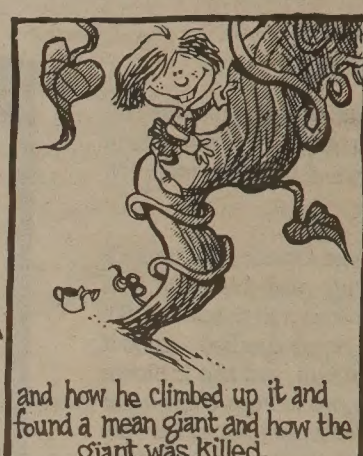
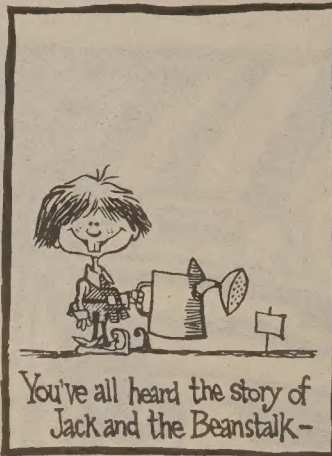
• Psychologist Peter Barglow of Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago studied 110 children of affluent, normal families, finding that "many infants interpret repeated daily separations from their working mother as rejection." He concludes that "the mother is by far the best caretaker for the child in the first year."

Penelope Leach, leading British psychologist and author

of *Your Baby and Child*, insists that "babies need the concentrated attention of their parents for at least two years. Someone caring for a child out of love will do a better job than someone doing it for pay, and social arrangements should aim to make full-time parenting easier."

• Dr. Benjamin Spock, child psychologist and author of *Baby and Child Care* also opposes day care for young children. "Even at six months," he writes, "babies will become seriously

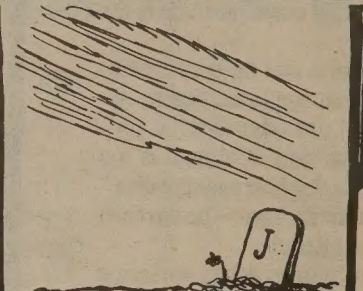
please see **Day Care** on page 7



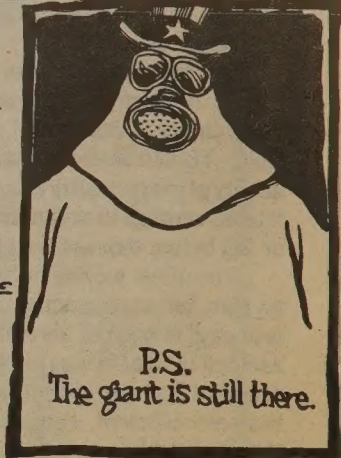
Actually, the beanstalk was fed from a well contaminated by radioactive compounds leaking from a nearby super secret gov't nuclear weapons production plant.



Jack couldn't climb the beanstalk because his leg was amputated after doctors found a malignant tumor.



Then Jack developed thyroid cancer and died.
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EDITORIAL

Romance from page 5

dreams and experience, and construct one.

But before I can redefine romance, I must first face reality. I have come to the firm conclusion that there does not exist on this earth any one man who can meet all my needs. Nor is there any man whose needs I could completely fulfill. No one wants to settle for second best, but we are hiding in a dream world when we insist that one individual meet all our needs. Another escape is to claim that while we may have good friendships with members of the opposite sex, that magical romantic spark isn't there. In either case, we continue in the comfortable old relationships, lacking the courage either to make a full commitment to them, or to let go and take the risk of looking for someone else with whom to build a relationship. Or we refuse to even spend the time necessary to develop comfortable relationships, and instead devote ourselves to scamming crowds, jumping from one prospect to another, rejecting each after a few days or weeks.

Somewhere between those extremes there is a balance. It's a balance between risk and commitment, between demanding that certain essential qualities be present in a relationship, and demanding that one relationship fulfill all our needs. And this is where that small core of truth found in the midst of the extravagant, popular fictions about romance comes in. Let me illustrate with an example.

One of my professors told us a story the other day that confirmed my belief that romance could be reconciled with reality. He used to home teach an elderly Argentine couple in Provo who taught at the MTC. She was nearly twenty years younger—and at the time her husband was in his nineties. No one but she understood him when he talked, but he presided in their home. The strength of their love for each other had kept him alive several years past all medical prognostications, and now it was to the point where she nearly carried him everywhere they went. It was December, and my professor had just returned from a winter camping trip. He arrived home to find a message that she had fallen, while carrying her husband, and was badly hurt. Would he and his companion come and give her a blessing? He took his son and went to their home. One side of her face was badly bruised, and she could hardly move from the pain of the other damage to her body. But almost the first thing she said was "I'd like my husband to participate in the blessing." How? her home teacher wondered—he could barely sit up straight in a wheelchair. But this seventy-year old woman carefully knelt in front of her husband's wheelchair, placed his hands on her head, and held them there.

The life-long love, commitment and sacrifice that this couple shared has become my new romantic ideal. It has replaced

flowers and candlelight dinners. And although I still dream of that perfect man, I have narrowed to five the list of qualifications that I believe are essential in any relationship. These are 1) mutual respect; 2) a similar perspective on and understanding of the role of the church and the gospel in our lives; 3) the ability to communicate—to discuss ideas, emotions, and the realities of the relationship; 4) aspirations and goals, both individually and for the relationship; and 5) a modicum of physical attraction. (I am tempted to leave out the last requirement—admittedly, it is the spice and flavor in a marriage relationship, but arguably it is emphasized way too much in our society, and I've never had any problem with it not being there when the other requirements were met.)

All of these requirements are qualities in a relationship that need developing. In many cases those requirements are already present in a current relationship, which we are ignoring, or keeping on the back burner, while we continue looking for the true ideal to fill all our needs. If we do not already have such a relationship, building it will not be easy. None of these qualities are immediately apparent without extended interacting and conversation; none of them can be discovered without risking new friendships and making commitments to those relationships. A celestial mate is created, not born—and the longer we put off the task of creation, the less time we have to do it, and the harder the job will be.

This is Ms. Jones' first contribution to the Student Review.

Day Care from page 5

depressed, losing their smile, their appetite, and their interest in things and people if the parent who has cared for them disappears." Until children are three, Spock says, they "need individualized care from the same person."

• Dr. Burton White of the Harvard Preschool Project says: "I would not think of putting a child of my own into any substitute care program on a full-time basis, especially a center-based program. Unless you have a very good reason, I urge you not to delegate the primary child-rearing task to anyone else during your child's first three years of life."

Amid this chorus of experts, President Benson's address on the theme sounds anything but fanatical: "The counsel of the church has always been for mothers to spend their full-time in the home in rearing and caring for their children."

Day-care can be harmful for numerous reasons, but the most obvious, Zinsmeister says, is that love cannot be bought. One day-care worker told Parenting magazine: "I cuddle and kiss and hug this child, but the feeling is just not there." She concluded that "nobody is going to provide my child with as much love as I can."

Deborah Fallows spent two years studying day-care centers. Her book, *A Mother's Work*, is quite revealing, says Zinsmeister: "Grace saying, coat donning, one-at-a-time hand washing—these become exhausting trials in depersonalization. Fallows gives wrenching descriptions of children referred to as "hey little girl," of activities that cater to the group average but leave the quiet children behind. There is much tedium, much bewilderment, many unconsolated tears, tired teachers doing what they can to get by, a lack of individualization in the best cases, no one really caring in the worst."

How have we arrived at this point? Why are so many mothers willing, even anxious to leave young children to seek employment? The answers are complex and controversial, but here are three possible causes:

1) Some seek work of necessity, forced by divorce, the unemployment of their husband, or by a rising cost of living. They are the unfortunate victims. Possible solutions include increased tax deductions for children (in the fifties families were largely tax free) and developing more work that can be done in the home.

2) Many two-income households become so not by necessity, but by misguided priorities. Frequently television and advertising transfigure once unheard of hobbies and gadgets into middle-class necessities. Many work to finance country club memberships, swimming pools, fancy electronic devices, and expensive vacations. True need is often confused with convenience or pride.

3) Perhaps saddest of all, many mothers work because they are convinced that something out there is more glamorous and fulfilling than caring for children in the home. "Today," says Zinsmeister, "women are more likely to be admired and appreciated for launching a catchy new ad campaign for toothpaste than they are for nurturing and shaping an original personality."

The implications of such an attitude are sobering. "While I—and most of my friends—were saying our minds were 'too good' to stay at home and raise our children," reflected one mother, "None of us ever asked the question, 'Then what sorts of minds should be raising our children—minds that were not very good?'" It is a bizarre culture that places its stock portfolios and university educations above its children's welfare.

"The quest for a humane child-rearing system is more than an engineering problem," concludes Zinsmeister. "It is a values problem. So long as we continue to debase parenting, only the debased will be willing to take it on." No, Mr. Dukakis, we don't need more child care—we just need to start caring about children.

Eric Schulzke is not a sexist—really. He also has no wife and no children.

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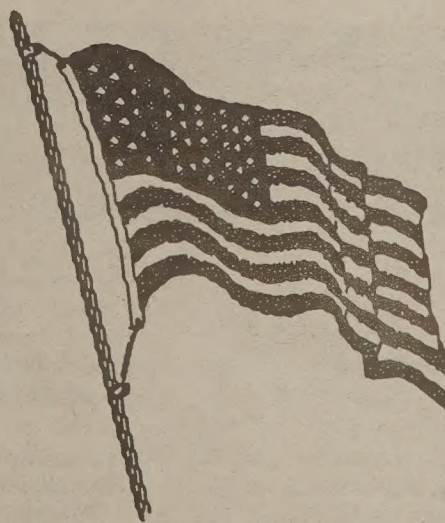


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ARTS & LEISURE

RLDS: Religiously Listening to Dylan Society

by Scott Elgin Calhoun

In August we sat on the grass under a crimson purple sunset listening to Bob Dylan. The couple next to us spoke of their two-year-old boy and their sprout and sandwich shop. They seemed happy. Although my date and I were nearly 20 years younger than they were, we were laughing and conversing about important issues. The concert affected all of us deeply, though I'm sure in different ways. The generation gap was not sensed, and listening to Dylan I felt that some amount of peace is possible, at least personal peace. Memories of Dylan were stirred up again last week as I was walking through a park of lonely people by the Rio Grande train station in Salt Lake. I was on my way to the infamous Raunch Records, when I happened upon a sign crudely painted on a slab of old splintered pine. It read, "RLDS: RELIGIOUSLY LISTENING TO DYLAN SOCIETY, a substitute or supplement to your current religion." Evidently this society is an individual religious experience because I was unable to locate its leader or office, but this doesn't mean Dylan isn't inspired.

Dylan writes and performs the kind of music that makes you want to spend your Pell Grant on a motorcycle and drive to the east coast in autumn. He said, "Colleges are like old age homes, except for the fact that more people die in college than in old age homes." Dylan attended the University of Minnesota during the 1959-60 academic year. During this time the young Jewish Bobby Zimmerman changed his name to Bob Dylan, (probably after the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas) and created a new identity for himself. He started dressing 1930s Okie style: baggy trousers and work shirts. He looked like a depression era refugee, like Henry Fonda in *The Grapes of Wrath*. He spent his time playing in coffee shops, and voraciously reading and listening to the works of the working-class folk poet Woody Guthrie. Dylan did not lack the passion or intellect to succeed in college; he rejected the Establishment's view of success and the methods of attaining it. He dropped out after six months. He and his generation were the first to "take a college education for granted, were steadily bombarded with facts flung by grown-ups who pretended to have answers and obviously had none." He turned from *ipso facto* academe to New York's Greenwich Village folk scene.

The twenty-year-old Dylan moved to New York, telling New Yorkers he was an orphan from New Mexico. In 1962 he released his self-titled first album. It cost Columbia Records only \$402. Dylan usually recorded in one take with some friends and followers as a live studio audience. The album only sold 5,000 copies the first year, but it established Dylan as a folk master. His voice swings like a pendulum between song and speech, between music and poetry; this is the original element in Dylan. He is deliberately uncommercial. He lacks technical polish, but polish never counted for much in blues, folk, or rock music. Almost anyone can speak/sing/howl along with him.



SR art by Amy Williams

Dylan's music sounds like a poetry reading, a rap concert, a shouting drunk, and a hot New Orleans blues club. Without examining his roots it is hard to understand this unlikely synthesis. Dylan owes all of those wailing, mourning blues songs to Africa. The black experience in America was to suffer, so they modified the white hymn, took the white man's guitar, and the blues were born. Their music conveys a profound sense of self-loss, and this is what Dylan employs to evoke our feelings of longing. The other half of Dylan's musical inspiration comes from cowboy/folk music that expresses the isolation and loneliness of human life. Dylan admires Hank Williams, Elvis Presley, and Jimmie Rogers for their folk influence; B.B. King, Leadbelly, Howlin' Wolf, and Blind Willie Johnson for their sweet-sad blues.

But what about all of Dylan's poetry? His music would for the most part seem rather simple without the lyrics. His articulateness stems from his heightened, poignant literacy. Dylan read the American beat poets, Allen Ginsberg, Frank O'Hara, and Kenneth Patchen; the sophisticated British poets T.S. Eliot, and W.H. Auden; and the surreal German and French poets Bertolt Brecht and Arthur Rimbaud. He got his earthiness from the Americans, his sparse imagery from the British, and psychedelic metaphors from the Germans and French.

Beyond Dylan's stylistic elements, he is the first popular American artist to be unabashedly socially conscious. The cold

war had come to a head in the fall of 1962 with the Cuban missile crisis. The black civil rights movement was just beginning to organize mass demonstrations, and the first American soldiers were boarding ships to South Vietnam almost unnoticed. As America entered this turbulent period, many artists retreated to former times, but Dylan's protest art stayed contemporary and biting.

If you've ever felt bottled, packaged, manipulated, or sold, Dylan speaks to you. He rebukes those who hide behind pierced ears, false eyelashes, and designer clothes. He is a champion of the individual, free of the false trappings of society. In his "Subterranean Homesick Blues" Dylan comments on how meaningless and uniform life can be:

Ah get born, keep warm
Short pants, romance, learn to dance,
Get dressed, get blessed,
Try to be a success...
Don't wanna be a bum
You better chew gum...
Stay away from those,
that carry around a fire hose.
You don't need a weatherman
to know which way the wind blows.

In "It's All Right, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" he denounces those trying to sell, change, and rearrange us. He speaks against teachers and preachers selling us false morals and materialistic values:

Disillusioned words like bullets bark,
as human gods aim for the mark,
make everything from guns that spark,
to flesh colored Christs that glow in the dark,
it's easy to see without looking too hard,
that not much is really sacred.
And though the rules of the road have been lodged,
it's only people's games you got to dodge.
It's all right Ma, I can make it.
Advertising signs they con you into,
thinking you're the one
that can do what's never been done,
that can win what's never been won,
meanwhile life goes on all around you.

When our landscape is polluted, world problems seem unsolvable, and there is "no politician anywhere who can move anyone to hope," we rely on artists to help us feel. Dylan helps us feel. He holds a mirror up to our self-conscious, plastic society, and shows us the raw elements of life outside the mirror.

DRIVING AT NIGHT

by David Sume

I am not a vampire. I am not a cat burglar. I am not an insomniac. I drive at night. Night is the only time to drive. No traffic, no pedestrians, no complications, no distractions. No appointments, no places to go, just going. Just empty roads everywhere, just peace and a chance to think or listen to loud music. I've driven around for hours listening to the Talking Heads or the Beatles, Kate Bush or the Cure. Under the stars and moon.

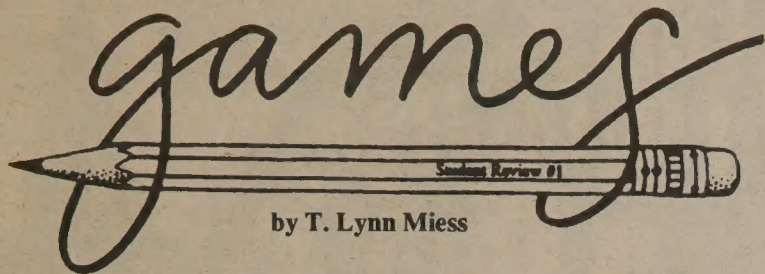
Sometimes it's very beautiful. I remember a night, a month or so ago. There was a full moon and some incredible

clouds. It was almost as bright as day. It was so remarkable I didn't sleep that night. It was so beautiful I had to remember to breathe. I was exhausted the next day, but it was worth it. People thought I was a zombie, people thought I was on drugs, people thought I was from another planet. I wasn't thinking very clearly as I stumbled around that day, but I was happy. I wish I didn't need to sleep; I wish I could stay up every night.

How did this all start, you might ask. How does anything start? Things just happen. The summer before last I spent some time in Seattle. I was staying with some friends forty miles south of the city, but I was always driving to Seattle. I would usually leave in the morning, then return early the next morning. It seemed I was always driving at night. The traffic was often very aggravating during the day, but at night it was fun to drive. Empty miles of freeway, comfortable coolness, mercury vapor lamps. I guess that was when I got hooked.

Now I drive around at night. I realize it's not the best time to visit most people or to go shopping, unless a 24-hour store has what you need. Myself, I never even think of getting groceries until midnight. But even if what you can do is limited, this is prime driving time. Nighttime is the right time. This is the time roads and cars were made for each other, this is the time to go places, even if they're not open. Besides, it's the journey, not the destination. It's going places, not getting there.

I have become a night person because of Henry Ford. I struggle through days guzzling Diet Coke because of my nocturnal activity. I have bags under my eyes. I have to wear sunglasses outside, even on overcast days. If I ever lie on the floor, I fall asleep. There is a price to be paid, but I pay it. Ivan Doig said something about life being choices, so that we should choose what seems worthwhile and do it. I have. I do.



by T. Lynn Miess

1. Canoe Trip Current

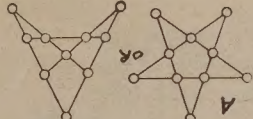
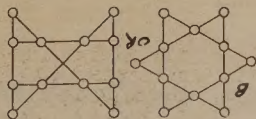
Last summer Andrew McLaws went on a canoe trip. One fine morning found him rowing his boat on a very straight river that had a perfectly uniform velocity and mile markers along its bank. Andrew rowed upstream past the first mile marker and then past the second. Just as he was even with the second mile marker, his big black cowboy hat that is his favorite hat in the entire world and that he wears all the time was blown off of his head by a chance gust of wind. It landed in the water. Andrew continued rowing upstream for ten minutes after he lost his hat, then turned around and rowed downstream. When he reached the first mile marker he overtook his hat. What was the speed of the river's current?

2. Best Friends' Bet

Dave Holt and Chris Anderson made a bet on the outcome of the Monday Night football game. In the last few seconds of the game, the quarterback of Chris' team threw a miraculous "hail Mary" pass to a receiver in the end zone, winning the game for Chris' team. Dave paid Chris what he owed in the form of twelve gold coins, each apparently identical to the others. However, a close friend of Chris' informed him that Dave was not entirely honest, and had given him one fake coin that was worthless in value. The only way to distinguish the counterfeit from the real coins was by its weight, which was slightly different from the others. Chris obtained a balance scale but was unable to obtain any weights, so he had only the coins to work with. How, by using the balance only three times, can he determine which coin is the counterfeit?

**3. Checker Challenge**

- Arrange ten checkers, forming five lines of four checkers each.
- Arrange twelve checkers, forming six rows of four checkers each.
- Arrange eight checkers on a checkerboard, using both the black and red squares, so that no two checkers are on the same line, horizontally, vertically or diagonally.

ANSWERS

(1) Three miles per hour. (2) The explanation is long and won't fit in the column, so if you can't figure it out, I bet it'll haunt your dreams. I promise, there is an answer, and it's not real hard, so keep trying. (3)

Woods

by Lee Ann Mortensen

I look up and the stars are there, bright as flashlights, but they disappear when I sit down by the fire where gnats burn orange and try to land on us. Everyone swings their hands around to push them away.

Judy has a guitar on her knee. She flips at the strings and starts singing about crazy people hacking up their mothers and fathers and burying them. The people next to me start swaying sideways, clapping along, pushing my arms in with every beat.

Doug is lying next to the dead ash around the fire, wrapped in a blue blanket, and when I look at him, he says, "Hi," and pulls the blanket up to invite me in. Everyone laughs. I laugh too, and I almost start to move, I almost want to be with him in the ash, in the blanket, because it is getting cold and I want him to hold my hand and tell me about his art, draw me pictures in the dirt of sopranos that look like boxes. But all we do is smile, there are too many people, and then he rolls up in the blanket, the ash covering him. Judy sings another song, and Doug kicks ash onto my shoes and I kick it back onto him and then wipe it off his leg.



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THE CALENDAR

Thursday, November 17

Lecture:

Forum: Dr. W. Cleon Skousen, "The Founding Fathers' Answers to 'Modern Problems,'" 11:00 a.m., Memorial Lounge, ELWC
 Honors Module: James E. Faulconer on Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
 "Where There Is No Vision, the Family Perishes," Ardeth Kapp, ELWC Ballroom, 7:30 p.m.

Theatre & Dance:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
 "The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
 Senior Projects Dance Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m.
 Tickets at the door
 "Guys & Dolls," 328 Main Street, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 gen., \$7.00 Student, 649-1217
 "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$5.00, 7.00, & 9.00
 "Dancing for Joy," Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$5.00
 "Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 7:30 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525
 "Vapor Trails," by the New Shakespeare Players, Artspace, 345 W. Pierpont St., SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$6.00 w/l.D. 583-6520

Film:

International Cinema:
 "The Magic Flute," 3:15 & 8:15 p.m.
 "The Glass Menagerie," 5:45 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre:
 260 E. 100 So. SLC, 364-3471
 "High Tide," 5:15, 7:05 & 9:00 p.m.

Music:

Wind Symphony, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444
 US Air Force Band of the Golden West, 7:30 p.m., Mountain View High School, 645 W. Center, Orem, Free! Info: 226-3603
 Brodericks, 278 W. Center, Provo, "The Cats" jazz band, cover charge \$3.00

Friday, November 18

Theatre:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
 "The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
 Townsquare Backstage Dinner Theatre: "The Planemaker," dinner 6:00 p.m., showtime 7:30 p.m., \$15.00, Townsquare Backstage, 65 N. University Avenue, 377-6905
 "Guys & Dolls," 328 Main Street, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 gen., \$7.00 Student, 649-1217
 "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$6.00, 8.00, & 10.00
 "Dancing for Joy," Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$6.00
 "Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 8:00 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525
 "Vapor Trails," by the New Shakespeare Players, Artspace, 345 W. Pierpont St., SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$6.00 w/l.D. 583-6520
 "On the Twentieth Century," 7:30 p.m., Orem High School, 175 S. 4th E. Orem, Tickets: \$1.50-\$2.50, 226-3603

Film:

International Cinema:
 "The Glass Menagerie," 3:15 & 8:15 p.m.
 "The Magic Flute," 5:45 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre:
 260 E. 100 So. SLC, 364-3471
 "High Tide," 5:15, 7:05 & 9:00 p.m.

Music:

Chamber Orchestra, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., tickets: 378-7444
 Sierra Wind Quintet, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444
 Brodericks, 278 W. Center, Provo, "Audrey Smiley," cover charge \$3.00

Saturday, November 19

Theatre:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
 "The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
 Townsquare Backstage Dinner Theatre: "The Planemaker," dinner 6:00 p.m., showtime 7:30 p.m., \$15.00, Townsquare Backstage, 65 N. University Avenue, 377-6905
 "Guys & Dolls," 328 Main Street, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 gen., \$7.00 Student, 649-1217
 "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$6.00, 8.00, & 10.00
 "Dancing for Joy," Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$6.00
 "Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 8:00 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525
 "Vapor Trails," by the New Shakespeare Players, Artspace, 345 W. Pierpont St., SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$6.00 w/l.D. 583-6520
 "On the Twentieth Century," 7:30 p.m., Orem High School, 175 S. 4th E. Orem, Tickets: \$1.50-\$2.50, 226-3603

Film:

International Cinema:
 "The Glass Menagerie," 1:30 & 6:30 p.m.
 "The Magic Flute," 4:00 & 9:00 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre:
 260 E. 100 So. SLC, 364-3471
 "High Tide," 5:15, 7:05 & 9:00 p.m.

Music:

"The 'Royal Family of Guitar,'" The Romeros, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444
 Brodericks, 278 W. Center, Provo, "Da Neighbors" & "Dinosaur Bones," cover charge \$3.00

Monday, November 21

Theatre:

"On the Twentieth Century," 7:30 p.m., Orem High School, 175 S. 4th E. Orem, Tickets: \$1.50-\$2.50, 226-3603

Film:

Blue Mouse Theatre:
 260 E. 100 So. SLC, 364-3471
 "High Tide," 5:15, 7:05 & 9:00 p.m.

Music:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 4:00 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447

Tuesday, November 22

Lecture:

Devotional, Russel M. Nelson, Marriott Center, 11:00
 Honors Module: George Tate on Augustine's *Confessions*, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Film:

Blue Mouse Theatre:
 260 E. 100 So. SLC, 364-3471
 "High Tide," 5:15, 7:05 & 9:00 p.m.

Music:

Symphony Orchestra, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Free!
 Guitar Ensemble, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Free!
 Marvin Payne, Great Salt Lake Guitar Company, 362 W. Center St., Provo, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$5.00 in advance, \$6.00 at the door, 379-4435

Student Review
General Staff Meeting
 Tuesday, 5:00 p.m., Maeser Building Auditorium
 Everyone invited!

Wednesday, November 23

Theatre:

"Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 7:30 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525

Film:

Blue Mouse Theatre:
 260 E. 100 So. SLC, 364-3471
 "A Time of Destiny," 5:15, 7:17 & 9:15 p.m.

Thursday, November 24

Theatre:

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 2801 South Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$5.00, 484-9257
 "Guys & Dolls," 328 Main Street, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 gen., \$7.00 Student, 649-1217
 "Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 7:30 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525

Film:

Blue Mouse Theatre:
 260 E. 100 So. SLC, 364-3471
 "A Time of Destiny," 5:15, 7:17 & 9:15 p.m.

Friday, November 25

Theatre:

Townsquare Backstage Dinner Theatre: "The Planemaker," dinner 6:00 p.m., showtime 7:30 p.m., \$15.00, Townsquare Backstage, 65 N. University Avenue, 377-6905
 "A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 2801 South Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$6.00, 484-9257
 "Guys & Dolls," 328 Main Street, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 gen., \$7.00 Student, 649-1217
 "Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 8:00 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525

Film:

Blue Mouse Theatre:
 260 E. 100 So. SLC, 364-3471
 "A Time of Destiny," 5:15, 7:17 & 9:15 p.m.

Music:

Utah Symphony, Haydn, Harbison, Beethoven, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$9.00 - \$27.00, Student \$4.00, 533-6407

Culture:

7th Annual Dickens Festival, Salt Palace, 100 S. Temple, SLC, 11:00 a.m. - 10:00 p.m. Tickets: \$3.50, 350-7586

Saturday, November 26

Guess what? Same as Friday! What a space-saver!

Varsity Theatres:

Varsity:

Nov. 11-17: "Big" 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Nov. 18-24: "Crocodile Dundee II" 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Varsity II:

Nov. 18-21: "Pinocchio" 7:30 & 9:00 p.m.

Late Night Flick:

Nov. 18: "Condorman" 11:30 p.m.

Planetarium Shows:

Nov. 25-Dec. 31:
 "Star of Bethlehem," a traditional Christmas show exploring celestial phenomena, 7:00 p.m.
 "Laser Christmas," laser show accompanied by favorite Christmas music, Hansen Planetarium, 6:00 & 10:00 p.m., 15 So. State, SLC, Info: 538-2098

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THE WORLD IN REVIEW

Moscow, USSR

President Reagan recommended a plan to raze and rebuild the US Embassy in Moscow, with costs possibly exceeding \$300 million. The embassy is considered a threat to national security because of bugs and spying devices planted during construction.

Budapest, HUNGARY

A new company law to take effect next year will allow for growth in private enterprise and foreign investment. Under the new law Western companies may buy up to 100% of Hungarian firms. The state will retain control of key industrial sectors.

New York, USA

Because of health reasons, the arraignment of deposed Philippine President Marcos was delayed indefinitely. The charges include racketeering and embezzling more than \$100 million from the Philippine treasury. His wife Imelda Marcos was arraigned on the same charges and released on \$5 million bail.

Athens, GREECE

Palestine Liberation Organization chairman Yasser Arafat wants to give the PLO a moderate image and open dialogue with the US. The US wants Arafat to prove this by using his influence to get Muhamad Rashid, charged with the 1982 bombing of a Pan Am airliner, extradited from Greece. The PLO has been exerting pressure on Greece to hold him.

Johannesburg, SOUTH AFRICA

In segregated municipal elections, only 14% of eligible blacks voted. Anti-apartheid activists say that participation in polls legitimizes an illegitimate system. The government hoped for widespread participation to indicate public approval of its constitutional reform program.

Jerusalem, ISRAEL

In national elections the two major Israeli parties, Labor and Likud, lost a combined seven Knesset seats to smaller religious parties. Because there was no clear majority, the right-wing Likud party is expected to form a coalition with the smaller parties.

Kabul, AFGHANISTAN

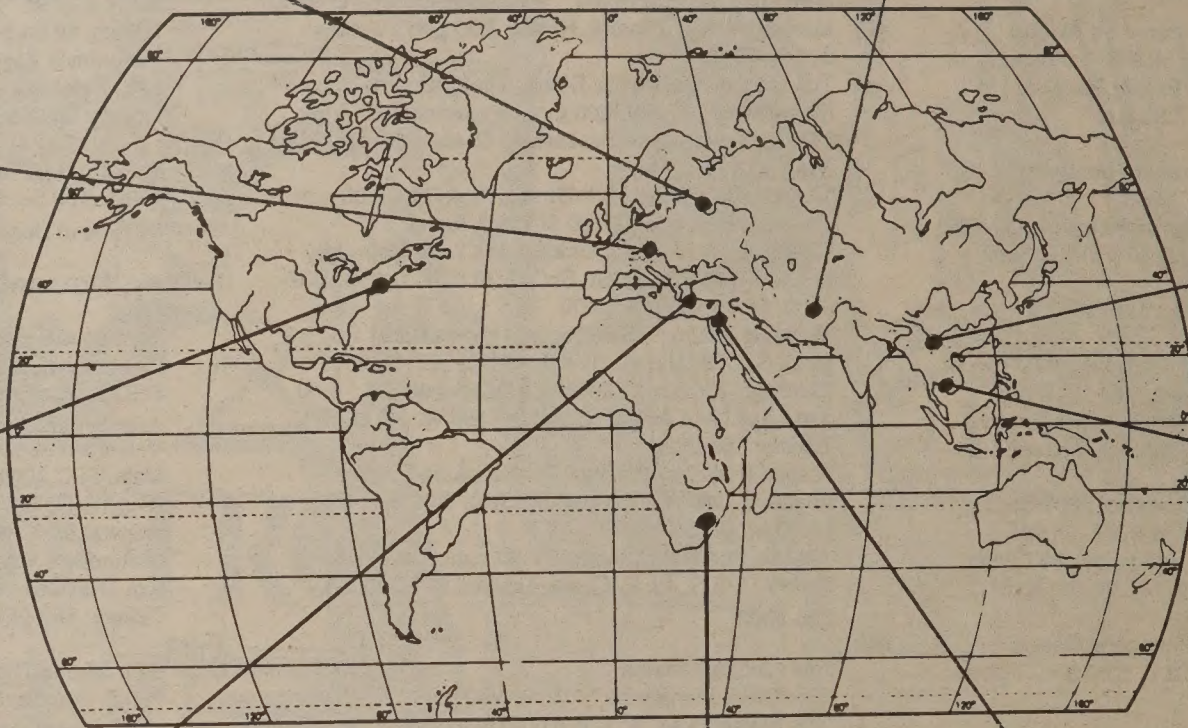
The day designated by the Kremlin to mark the beginning of their final pull-out from Afghanistan has been postponed. Moscow has increased military aid to Kabul's regime amid relentless attacks by anti-communist fighters.

Yunan, CHINA

An earthquake along the Chinese-Burmese border registered 7.6 on the Richter Scale. Communication is limited due to destruction of telephone lines and road service. Death toll estimates range from 37 to 600.

CAMBODIA

The UN General Assembly called for the withdrawal of all foreign forces in Cambodia. The Vietnamese-backed government that has ruled since 1979 will be replaced by an interim government.

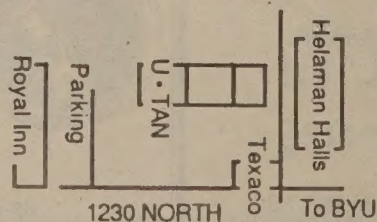


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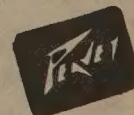
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